Found in the pocket of the slaine *Rodorigo*;
And here another; the one of them imports
The death of *Cassio*, to be vndertooke by *Roderigo*.
Oth. O villaine.
Cas. Most heathenish, and most grosse.
Lod. Now heres another discontented paper,
Found in his pocket too, and this it seemes,
Roderigo meant to haue sent this damned villaine,
But that belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in, and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernitious catieffe!
How came you *Cassio* by a handkerchiefe
That was my wifes?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
And he himselfe confest it but euen now,
That there he dropt it, for a speciall purpose,
Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O foole, foole, foole.
Cas. There is besides in *Roderigoes* letter,
How he obraides *Iago*, that he made him
Braue me vpon the watch, whereon it came,
That I was cast; and euen but now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.
Lod. You must forsake this roome, and goe with vs,
Your power and your command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*: For this slaue,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be knowne
To the *Venetian* State; come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you, a word or two before you goe;
I haue done the State some seruice, and they know't:
No more of that: I pray you in your letters,
When you shall these vnlucky deeds relate,
Speake of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set downe ought in malice: then you must speake,

Of one that lou'd not wisely, but too well:
Of one not easily iealous, but being wrought,
Perplext in the extreame: of one whose hand,
Like the base *Indian*, threw a pearle away,
Richer then all his Tribe: of one whose subdued eyes,
Albeit vnused to the melting moode,
Drop teares, as fast as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinall gum: Set you downe this;
And say besides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a Malignant and a Turband *Turke*,
Beate a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State;
I tooke bi'th throate the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus. *He stabs himselfe.*
Lod. O bloody period.
Gra. All that's spoke is mard.
Oth. I kist thee ere I kild thee, no way but this,
Killing my selfe, to dye vpon a kisse. *He dies.*
Cas. This did I feare, but thought he had no weapon,
For he was great of heart.
Lod. O *Spartane* dog,
More fell then anguish, hunger, or the Sea.
Looke on the tragicke lodging of this bed,
This is thy worke; the obiect poisons sight,
Let it be hid: *Gratiano*, keepe the house,
And ceaze vpon the fortunes of the Moore,
For they succeed to you: To you Lord Gouernour,
Remaines the censure of this hellish villaine,
The time, the place, the torture; O enforce it,
My selfe will strait aboord, and to the State,
This heauy act with heauy heart relate.

Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.